

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 35.—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MISS LASCELLES.—Letters to be addressed to 28, York street, Portman-square.

MADLE. HERTHA DE WESTENSTRAND, Prima Donna from the Royal Opera in Stockholm, has arrived in London for the season. 13, Maddox-street, Regent-street.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town for the season, having concluded his operatic tour with Miss C. Hayes. All engagements for Mrs. Tennant and himself to be addressed to their residence, 42, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

MADLE. CORELLI begs to announce to the Nobility, her Friends, and Pupils, that, after an operatic and concert tour extending over the last six months through the United Kingdom with Miss C. Hayes, she has returned to town for the season. 52, Manchester-street, Manchester-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Piccolomini, Albini, Spezia, Giuglini, Belletti, Benevante, and Violetti. On Monday, May 18, all the artists of the establishment. **GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, commencing at half-past one o'clock.—Tuesday, May 19, **LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO**. Piccolomini, Poma, Botardi, and Belletti.—Thursday, May 21, **LA TRAVIATA**. Piccolomini, Giuglini, and Benevante.—Saturday, May 23, **IL TROVATORE**. Spezia, Albini, Giuglini, Benevante, and Violetti. To conclude (each evening) with an entirely new Ballet, by M. Massot, entitled **ACALISTA**. For particulars see Bills.

A limited number of boxes in the half-circle tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had at the Box-office at the Theatre, Co'onnado, Haymarket. Price, one guinea and one guinea and-a-half each.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.—Under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—**MRS. ANDERSON**, Pianiste to Her Majesty the Queen, and Instructress to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, the Princess Helena, and the Prince Alfred.—**ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, in Her Majesty's Theatre, Monday, May 18, commencing at Half-past One o'clock precisely, with all the Principal Artists, also the Band and Chorus, of that Establishment. Conductor—**Signor Bonetti**.

Principal vocal performers will include Madlle. Piccolomini, Madlle. Maria Spezia, Mad. Clara Novello, Madlle. Angiola Ortolani, and Mad. Albini; Sig. Antonio Giuglini, Mr. Charles Braham, Sig. Benevante, Sig. Corsi, Sig. Violetti, and Sig. Belletti. Instrumental solo performers: Pianoforte—Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. F. B. Jewson, and Mr. W. G. Cusins; Violin—M. Remenyi, solo violin to Her Majesty the Queen; Violoncello—Sig. Pezza, first violoncello of Her Majesty's Theatre; Contrabasso—Sig. Gildroni, first contrabasso of Her Majesty's Theatre. Further particulars will be duly announced.

Prices of admission:—Boxes, grand tier, £4 4s.; boxes, pit tier, £2 12s. 6d.; boxes, first tier, £3 3s.; boxes, second tier, £2 2s.; boxes, third tier, £1 11s. 6d.; stalls, £1 1s.; pit, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; gallery, 2s. 6d.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Places, to be made at the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, the principal Librarians and Music Publishers, or of Mrs. Anderson, 34, Nottingham-place, York-gate, Regent's-park.

MADAME ENDERSOHN has the honour to announce that her **MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place at the **BEETHOVEN ROOMS**, 76, Harley Street, on **WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th, 1857**, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—**Signor Millardi**, Mr. Allan Irving, Mrs. Lockey, and Madame Endersohn. Instrumentalists—**Madame Clara Schumann** and Herr Ernst. Conductors—**Mr. Frank Mori** and **Mr. W. W. Balfe**. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, £1 1s. To be had at the principal Music-shops; and of Madame Endersohn, at her residence, 75, Harley Street.

MADAME ENDERSOHN has the honour to announce that her **MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place on Wednesday, May 21st, at the **Beethoven Rooms**, 76, Harley-street, to commence at half-past 3, under the following distinguished patronage:—

Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington.
The Marchioness of Devonshire.
The Marchioness of Hastings.
The Countess of Albemarle.
The Countess of Hardwicke.
The Countess of Antrim.
The Lady Charlotte Clitwynd.

The Viscountess Falmouth.
The Lady Lindsay.
The Lady Sarah Lindsay.
The Ladies Cavogian.
The Lady M-reus Hill.
The Hon. Lady Airy.
Mrs. Talbot Clifton.

Tickets 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats £1 1s. To be had at the principal Music Sellers, and of Madame Endersohn, at her residence, 75, Harley-street.

EXETER HALL. IMMENSE ATTRACTION.

A GRAND
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,
SUPPORTED BY THE
GRAND ORCHESTRA

OF THE
ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

WILL BE GIVEN ON

Wednesday Evening, May 20th, 1857.

VOCALISTS:

Madame **CLARA NOVELLO**,

Madame **CARADORI**,

Madlle. **HERTHA DE WESTENSTRAND**,

(Prima Donna from the Royal Opera, Stockholm, her first appearance in England.)

Miss **DOLBY**,

Herr **REICHARDT**,

(The renowned German Tenor, his first appearance this season) and

Mr. **WEISS**.

INSTRUMENTALISTS:

Violin—Herr **ERNST**,

Contra-Basso—**Signor BOTTESINI**,

Pianoforte—Madlle. **CLARA SCHUMANN**,

(Her first appearance in Exeter Hall) and

Madame **MADELINE GRÄVER**,

(Her First Appearance this Season.)

Conductor—**HERE GOFFRIE**.

Doors open at Half-past Seven, to begin at Eight o'clock.

Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s. Tickets, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d., may be had of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent-street; Mitchell, Old Bond-street; Keith and Prowse, Cheapside; Mad. Gräver, 35, Queen Anne-street; Herr Goffrie, 61, Margaret-street; and all the Principal Music-Warehouses.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—**Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S** CHOIR.—A Performance of unaccompanied Vocal Music, by Mr. Leslie's Choir, will take place in the Centre Transept, on Saturday, the 23rd May, forming the Second Part of the usual Saturday Concert. The programme will be duly announced. Admission as usual on Saturdays by Season Ticket, or on payment of Half-a-Crown.

Crystal Palace, May, 1857.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S SECOND MATINEE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at 27, Queen Anne-street on **SATURDAY, May 30**, from 3 to 5, when she will be assisted by Herr Ernst, Signor Bottesini, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. Millardi, Madame Lemmens, Sherrington, Madame Endersohn, and Miss Dolby. Tickets 7s., of Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210, Regent-street; Ebers, 27, Old Bond-street; and Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street Gloucester-gate, N.W.

HERR CARL DEICHMANN'S CONCERTS (under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary), at **WILLIS'S LARGE CONCERT ROOMS**, on **FRIDAY EVENING, May 22**, at 8 o'clock, and **THURSDAY MORNING, June 4**, at 3 o'clock, when Mendelssohn's Overture and Beethoven's Septuor will be performed. For particulars, see small bills and programmes. Reserved Seat for both Concerts, 15s.; Single Reserved Seat, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s. each. To be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s; Messrs. Schott and Co.'s; and of Herr Deichmann, 15, Boncrst-street, Portman-square, W.

HERR LOUIS RIES'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Monday, May 25th, 1857, when the following artists will appear: Pianoforte, Herr E. Paur; Violin, Messrs. L. Ries, J. Deichman; Viola, Mr. Webb; Violoncello, Mons. Paque; Contrabasso, Mr. Severn. Vocalists, Mlle. Sedlitzek and Herr von d. r. Oesen. Conductors, Mr. W. Macfarren, Mr. Fr. Berger. Tickets, half-a-guinea each. Family tickets to admit three, one guinea. May be had of the principal music-sellers and of Herr Louis Ries, 1A, Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

MR. HENRY FORBES begs to inform the Public that the first performance of his Oratorio, "RUTH," will take place on Monday evening, June 22nd, at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS. Principal Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Locky, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Weiss. The Band selected from the Opera and Philharmonic Orchestras. The Chorus of 50 from the Royal Italian Opera. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Tickets, 7s.; to be had of Mr. H. Forbes, 3, Upper Belgrave-place; and at all the principal Music-sellers.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED GILBERT and Miss SUSANNA COLE beg to announce that their **FIRST GRAND MATINEE** of CHAMBER MUSIC (Fifth Annual Series,) will take place at Willis's Rooms on Saturday, May 30th, from 3 to 5. Madame Endersohn and Mr. Sims Reeves, Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole, and Signor Giubilei, MM. Sainton, Clementi, Webb, Paque, B. Wells, Alexandre Billet, Aguilar, and Alfred Gilbert. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.; may be obtained at the music warehouses; of Miss Cole, 63, Berners-street, or Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

MR. W. G. CUSINS'S TWO MATINEES MUSICALS, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, MONDAYS, May 25, and June 29, at Half-past Two. Artists: Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby; Messrs. Reichardt, Redfearn, Weiss, Sainton, Henry, R. Blagrove, Watson, Platti, Lucas, Howell, R. S. Pratten, Nicholson, C. Harper, Harold Thomas, and W. G. Cusins. Tickets, 7s., at the music-warehouses; Stalls, 10s. 6d., of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 66, Upper Norton-street, W.

MISS STABBACH has the honour to announce that her Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday evening, May 26th. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Miss Stabbach, Herr von der Osten, Mr. Allan Irving, and Signor Goglielmi. Instrumentalists—Madame Clara Schumann, M. Sainton, Herr Oberthür, and Herr Engel. Conductors—Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Mr. Francesco Berger. Tickets—Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; to be had of the Principal Music-sellers, and of Miss Stabbach, 11, Edgeware-road, Hyde-park.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S ORCHESTRA, known in London and the provinces as the ORCHESTRAL UNION, can be engaged for Concerts on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the evening; or Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the morning, during the season. For terms apply to G. Dolby, Esq., 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

TO MUSIC SELLERS, &c.—WANTED by a steady respectable Young Man, age 25, with eight years' undeniable character, a situation as **TUNER**. Can tune and regulate the Pianoforte, Harmonium, and English Concertina, and execute all ordinary repairs. Can also rectify many defects which frequently occur to the Harp; would also be willing to assist at the counter occasionally, if required. Has been eight years in a first-class provincial business. Salary moderate. Address, F. Higgs, 16, Thames-street, King's-road, Reading.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

THE CONCERTINA.—C. Wheatstone's sole invention, and manufactured solely by the Patentees, Messrs. Wheatstone and Co. The Patent Concertina, £1 16s., of superior make, six-sided, with double action, to play in five keys.

THE PATENT CONCERT CONCERTINA, unrivalled in tone and of extra power, as manufactured for Signor Regondi, and the most eminent performers. These instruments, price 12 guineas. Rosewood Concertinas, with 48 ivory keys, double action, may now be had from four guineas each.

THE PATENT DUET CONCERTINA (invented by Messrs. W. and Co.) This novel and extraordinary instrument comprises two separate Concertinas. The Concertina for each hand is complete and independent of the other, the left hand may be used for accompanying on the Pianoforte; either being sufficient for the performance of a Melody. Price £1 11s. 6d., and £2 2s. Full Descriptive Lists of Harmoniums, Concertinas, and Music for these instruments, may be had on application to **WHEATSTONE & CO.**, 29, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London.

LAMBERT AND CO., PATENT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS, Warehouse, 314, Oxford-street, two doors from entrance to Hanover-square. Lambert and Co.'s Pianos have become so celebrated, both at home and abroad, that they need only call the attention of all who wish for a first-rate Pianoforte to their late improvements in the "Patent Repetition Check Action" Pianofortes and "Patent Regulating Hoppers." These instruments are warranted, for touch, tone, and durability, as not to be surpassed, if equalled, by any maker in London; while the cost is much under other first-rate houses. They have only to be tried to be approved, and are especially adapted for export. Lists supplied gratis. The "Check Action" advertised by other houses was Mr. Lambert's sole invention, but is now greatly improved, and can only be applied by him in its perfection. It is necessary to mention this, as disappointment has often been the consequence of applying to other parties. "We recommend these instruments from personal experience of their character, and a knowledge of the admirable principles upon which they are constructed, the very best materials and workmanship alone being employed."—*Court Journal*. Pianofortes let on hire, tuned, and repaired, also taken in exchange. Alexandre's Harmoniums from Six guineas upwards, of which a list may be had on application.

ACRIBELLES' E VIOLIN STRINGS.—These celebrated Strings, now almost exclusively used by the most eminent masters on the Continent and in London, can only be had genuine of Monsieur Alphonse Villin, Sole Agent, 14, East-place, Kennington-road. Purchasers are strictly cautioned against the many bad imitations already before the public.

N.B. The genuine Acribells are easily tested, as they are the only 1st strings which will bear being tuned up to A. They are invariably true and faultless, and are warranted to last three times as long as any others.

A sample will be sent on receipt of six postage stamps.

R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTES, on the old system of fingering, stand unrivalled for power, brilliancy, and quality of tone, combined with perfect intonation, equality, and ease to the performer. They have no complicated machinery, consequently do not get out of order, an advantage over all other Flutes it is needless to expatiate upon.

Prospectuses, &c., sent on application to Boosey and Sons, Manufacturers, 24 and 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

HANDEL.—A superb Portrait of this great Master, copied from the Windsor Painting, and beautifully engraved on Stone. Size, 25 inches by 20 inches. Price 6s. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, Holles-street.

This day is published, in fcap. 8vo., price 2s. cloth, elegant.

HANDEL: his Life, Personal and Professional. With Thoughts on Sacred Music. A Sketch. By Mrs. Bray, author of the "Life of Stothard," &c., &c. London: Ward and Co., 27, Paternoster-row.

"THOSE OTHER TIMES." Ballad, sung by Miss Julia St. George, in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. London: Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W.

"JOAN OF ARC," Recit. and Air.—Sung by Miss JULIA ST. GEORGE in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s. 6d., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., Music-sellers.

Second Edition.

FANTASIA FOR THE PIANOFORTE, in which is introduced the favourite air of "Blue Bells of Scotland," with variations by T. Graham, price 2s. Sent post free. Address Marsden-square, Wigan.

MISS LASCELLES' NEW SONG, "The Reaper and the Flowers." The Poetry by Longfellow. Composed by Balfe. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

DRIPPING WELL, new piece for the Pianoforte, by Adolph Gollmick. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

GORDIGIANI.—Just published, in a handsome volume, bound, price One Guinea. FIFTY FAVOURITE SONGS, including all his most celebrated Compositions of the last Ten Years.—BOOSEY AND SONS' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

AUTHORS' WORKS ENGRAVED AND PRINTED, in a superior style, at reasonable cost, with unusual facility for extensive publication, by J. H. Jewell (from Soho-square), 104, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury (W.C.)

LES BOUFFES PARISIENS.

The following Operetti, performed by the Company of the **BOUFFES PARISIENS**, may be had of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street. Six Shillings each.

- 1.—LA NUIT BLANCHE.
- 2.—DEUX VIEILLES GARDES.
- 3.—L'IMPRESSARIO.
- 4.—LES PANTINS.
- 5.—TROMB-AL-CA-ZAR.
- 6.—LA ROSE.
- 7.—CROQUEFER.
- 8.—LES DEUX AVEUGLES.

THE SECOND SET OF LANCER'S QUADRILLE, arranged by Henri Laurent, will be published on Monday, price 3s. This quadrille includes all the popular subjects usually played by the profession as the second set of Lancers. It has been introduced at the Argyll Rooms with very great success.

REVIEWS.

No. 1.—"SWEET SUMMER TIME." Song, by Frank Mori.

No. 2.—"THE LAST LOOK YOU GAVE ME." Ballad, by Frank Mori.

The second of these songs, at any rate, cannot plead originality as an excuse for its publication.

The first can plead originality, elegant melody, and careful musicianship. It is one of the best of Mr. Mori's recent vocal compositions, and, as such, will doubtless command the attention of concert-singers.

"THE RUSSIAN POSTILION'S SONG." Adapted to the original Russian air by G. A. Macfarren.

"GOOD BYE." Song. By Macfarren.

The first has a character about it not to be mistaken. The second is a very simple ballad. Both are as neatly written as they are unpretending.

No. 1.—"AVE MARIA." By Charles J. Hargitt. No. 2.—"WHITHER." By C. J. Hargitt.

BOTH of these songs contain the germ of graceful melody, and both evince a taste for harmony of a refined character, and yet neither presents any evidence of originality. Mr. Hargitt, who is unquestionably clever, and a good musician, must strive to think, if not to create for himself.

No. 1.—"Valse des Tirailleurs." Morceau de Salon. No. 2.—"MARCHE DES ZOUAVES," for the Pianoforte. Composed by Charles McKorkell.

These pieces are very well written, and brilliant without being difficult; but the *Valse des Tirailleurs* is by far the best. It is a little too diffuse, but the themes are graceful, the harmony is often elegant, always unexceptionable, and the whole decidedly effective for the pianoforte. Mr. McKorkell may be candidly complimented upon this charming piece.

No. 1.—"THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY." No. 2.—"THE WIND UPON THE HILL." Songs from *Vanity Fair*, by W. M. Thackeray, Esq. No. 3.—"RIGOLETTO." Valse Bagatelle. Composed by A. G. Kurtz.

Mr. Kurtz has not been successful in either setting of Mr. Thackeray's exquisite lyrics from *Vanity Fair*. The first—although the principal theme is commonplace enough—is far too pretentious for the innocent thoughts of a child. The transition into E flat is out of place in the treatment of so simple a theme, and the progression through which the original key of G is resumed too laboured. The whole song, indeed, is a mistake. "The Wind upon the Hill" fails still more completely from a similar cause. Such unaffected lines should have been set in a congenial spirit. Nothing, moreover, could be in worse taste, or less skillfully managed, than the chromatic imitation of "the wind," in the symphonies.

How the *Rigoletto Valse* came to be "composed" by Mr. Kurtz, the subject matter being all Verdi's, we are at a loss to guess.

No. 1.—"AIRS OF THE MOUNTAINS." New quadrilles upon choice old Welsh melodies, arranged by John Wilkes.

No. 2.—"THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS." Song by John Wilkes.

The quadrilles are common-place, even of their kind.

The song is of a different and a better order, although the melody is artificial, and the accompaniments far more labored than effective.

"LOVE MAKES THE HOME." Song. Poetry by H. F. Chorley. Music by T. German Reed.

This is one of the prettiest songs in the new entertainment of *Popular Illustrations*, which is drawing all London to the vicinity of the Parthenon Club, and in which Mrs. German Reed exhibits her wonderful versatility, and Mr. German Reed his patience and musical skill, in such an exemplary and amusing manner. The words by Mr. Chorley give a new aspect to a very old theme, and the music is charming. As a new point of

musicianship, we may mention the feint of B minor, with which the theme sets out—the song being in D.

"LAIS FROM STRATHARN." By Caroline, Baroness Nairne, Author of "The Land o' the Leal," etc. Arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte, by Finlay Dun.

A complete collection of the songs of Lady Nairne cannot but be acceptable to the lovers of national (and especially Scottish) melody, and lyrical (especially Scottish) song. True, Lady Nairne made her reputation by setting new words to the fine tunes which Burns immortalised by his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." But "The Land o' the Leal" was the key-stone to the entire edifice of her earthly labour, and whatever she did afterwards is traceable to that as its origin. The moral influence of Lady Nairne, on the middle and lower classes of her compatriots, was immense and beneficial. Her inferiority as an artist must be passed over on this account, and her rejection of many fine lyrics, to substitute her own well-meaning commonplaces, was excusable, her admirable object considered. The present collection of her songs is complete in every respect; but we cannot highly commend the accompaniments of Mr. Dun.

THE BEETHOVEN EVENINGS.

(From the Press)

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD brought the sixth and last of her *soirées* to a close on Wednesday night. These performances have been remarkable in more than one point of view as regards art, and have assuredly been most glorious to the artist, who has proved herself to be the greatest pianist this country has ever produced. The speciality of these entertainments has been in a complete revival of the intense interest which was created in musical circles some years since by the formation and progress of the Beethoven Quartet Society, under the auspices of the well-known amateur, the late Mr. Alsager. After his death the society, after a vain struggle on the part of M. Rousselot to prolong its existence, soon ceased to exist, and then the later works and posthumous productions of Beethoven were only heard at rare intervals; but eventually, in more senses than one, Miss Arabella Goddard had the courage to attack the grand sonata in B flat, op. 106, with a tremendous "fuga a tre voci con alcune licenzie," to borrow Beethoven's designation. This performance will not easily be forgotten. It was given without a book by the juvenile player, and she earned the highly honourable *sobriquet*, from some enthusiastic amateur, of the "Key of the Sonata." It was probably this triumph which suggested the present Beethoven *Soirées*, at which Miss A. Goddard has taken in turn those sonatas numbered as Ops. 101, 106, 109, 110, and 111—marvellous elaborations, exacting execrations of totally exceptional gifts and abilities to render; and it has been by the triumphant interpretation of these works that a complete impetus has been given to the Beethoven controversy. Art gains by such discussion; and it is a proud distinction for a young English pianist to have provoked the agitation of the question how far the imaginings at the close of the Beethoven works are to be accepted as the commencement of a new era in musical writings. It is all very well for the inferior order of pianoforte players to pronounce the last sonatas of Beethoven as impracticable and abstruse; but such assertions arise mainly from incapacity, or from a want of energy to overcome the mechanical intricacies of the works.

The Beethoven Quartet Society proved that clear and intelligible interpretations of the posthumous compositions could be effected; and Miss A. Goddard has been equally successful in demonstrating that the sonatas are as "plain as a pikestaff," and that those who "run may read," if they will take the trouble to listen to her magnificent development of the composer's intentions. As an intellectual player the Beethoven *soirées* have unquestionably placed Miss Goddard on the highest pinnacle of executive skill; and it is not on the ground, therefore, of her mastery of the minutest details that we pin our faith on her future, astounding as was the ease with which every intricacy was vanquished—really the most difficult feats seemed like child's play to her—but it is on the sentiment which she

evinced in the slow movement. The composer marks this, "Adagio sostenuto, appassionato e con molto sentimento." Now this was completely realised. The gloom and despondency which the musician so vividly presents in this *adagio* were most poetically brought out, displaying, indeed, an amount of profound feeling which on no former occasion had we conceived Miss Goddard to be imbued with.

[What a pity the eloquent writer of the above should have heard Miss Goddard so rarely, and only have attended one out of her six *soirées*. Had the case been otherwise he would not have been surprised that the most accomplished pianist of the day (foreign or native) should have been "imbued with profound feeling."—Ed. M. W.]

ALBONI.

(From the Times.)

THE amateurs of good singing experienced a genuine treat last night, when Alboni, the most accomplished living representative of the great Italian school of vocalization, made her first appearance at for the season Her Majesty's Theatre. The opera was one that can never become hackneyed—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the comic masterpiece of Rossini. Alboni was, of course, the heroine.

Rosina, judged from a musical point of view, is one of Alboni's very best parts, and on no occasion has she exhibited more wonderful brilliancy, grace, and finish. The introductory air, the famous "Una voce poco fa"—in which Rosina discourses of her love for Lindoro (Almaviva), and calculates upon the means of bringing it to a successful issue—was an example of pure and effortless singing from which any contemporary might have derived a profitable lesson. The opening of the "*largo*" was delivered with exquisite taste, and the ornaments were invariably in keeping—ornaments, in short, which really embellished the text, instead of distorting and tormenting it, as is too often the case with those who think more of obtruding their own mechanical proficiency than of doing artistic justice to the music. The quick movement, or *cabaletta* (for that is the recognised term), was at first given without alterations, and then varied (as the composer intended) with admirable fancy and discretion. The whole display was consummate, and excited the enthusiasm of every connoisseur in the theatre. Such singing is too rare now a days not to be warmly appreciated by all who are capable of understanding the difference between true art and the semblance of art. Equally worthy of admiration was Alboni's share of the racy and vigorous duet with Figaro—"Dunque io son"—in which a new and effective point was introduced, where Rosina helps the barber to spell her own name:—

"Poverina—si chiama Rosina—Rosina."

The shake on the penultimate syllable—"si"—dwelt on for some time, and graduated with charming facility, from soft to loud, and *vice versa*, until, at the conclusion, the rapidly alternate notes became just audible and no more, was a striking improvement on the ancient stereotyped tradition which made Rosina and Figaro draw out the unabbreviated name in unison. In every other respect this duet was inimitable; and it required the habitual coolness for which Alboni is noted to resist the loud and general demand for a repetition of the final movement. In the lesson-scene she introduced Rode's well-known air with variations. Such vocalization as was here displayed can only be fitly described in one word—perfection. A vocabulary of epithets might be exhausted, and metaphors out of number brought to bear upon the theme; but where there is nothing to criticize why not out with the truth at once? Not to comply with the encore that followed this extraordinary achievement would have been discourteous to the audience; and, though Alboni from the first was a staunch enemy to the "encore" system, she has always known how to discriminate between the unanimous wish of the public and the clamorous excitement of a coterie. The last variation of Rode's air was consequently sung again; and when the admiring Bartolo exclaims, in the height of his enthusiasm, "Bella voce! Bravissima!" the whole house joined spontaneously in the verdict. "Bella voce!" he might aptly ejaculate. Alboni's

voice is stronger than last season (richer and mellower it could never be), while her art is as supreme and faultless as before, entitling her to maintain the rank she has for a long time held as the foremost vocalist in the unrivalled school of Italy—that school which combines the natural and the incomparable melody of Mozart with the more florid and ornamental style of Rossini. The reception accorded to Alboni was immense, several minutes elapsing before the applause subsided—a reception, in fact, worthy of her unequalled talent.

STERNDALE BENNETT'S SONATA IN F MINOR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can you inform me if Sterndale Bennett's sonata in F minor, Op. 13 (dedicated to Mendelssohn), has ever been performed in public by any of our great pianists? I cannot remember that it has; and I am sure it is worthy of their attention, the whole of it (without particularising the exquisite "scherzo" and "trio") being a delightful specimen of the energetic and picturesque style of our great English composer's music.

AN ADMIRER OF STERNDALE BENNETT.

[The sonata in question has been played in public by M. Alexandre Billet, at his concert in St. Martin's Hall.—Ed. M. W.]

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—THE LAST PURCHASE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The economy prognosticated by Mr. Wilson, of the Treasury, and of the *Economist*, on the 1st of August, 1855, from the appointment of a Bavarian, "upon the highest recommendation" (Parliamentary debate, August 1, 1855), to represent on the Continent the artistic attainments of England, and whatever surplus of accomplishments may have been comprised in the assurance that "undoubtedly, if any Englishman had been equally eligible he would have had a prior claim," has recently received another remarkable exemplification. After seven months' oscillation between the Albergo di S. Marco, the Caffè Florian, and Ca' Pisani di S. Polo, at the rate of £1000 a year for salary and "travelling expenses," Herr Otto Mündler, the "most highly recommended" and "most eligible" Bavarian in question, has secured, with the concurrence of Messrs. Eastlake and Wornum, a second-rate picture by a second-rate master of the Venetian school, at the moderate price of £13,650. Should any sensitive Englishman feel moved to blush at the fractional character of this sum, as beneath our national dignity, let him suspend the emotion. The scandal is but temporary. Providence and Bavaria have provided against its continuance. There is a bill in reserve. Packing, insurance, freight, framing, and sundries are to metamorphose the meagre "figure" into the more comely and British proportion of £14,000; a sum only £1000 in excess of the grant voted for the purchase of pictures during the entire year.

The picture thus frugally acquired by the Bavaro-British art missionary, to counterbalance the investment of £3,050 in the "Adoration of the Magi," and the Galvagna "Bellini," is by Paul Veronese. At Venice it is known as the "Paolo di Ca' Pisani;" not that it has ever been considered here other than a second-rate specimen of the master; but for the inevitable reason that it was at once the only Paul and the only picture in the Pisani family worth naming. Any other title, therefore, was impossible. Its ample dimensions also helped to fix the distinction, and those who estimate pictures in the ratio of their areas may be further gratified to hear that besides being large, it is sufficiently red and opaque. The subject, "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander," is the sum of its pretensions as a classical work. To rank it as a model of Venetian colouring, would betray gross ignorance of what the Venetians have achieved; yet its colouring is its chief recommendation. Even at his happiest, Paul Veronese illustrates but the decline of his school; the "Family of Darius" marks its corruption. The culminating era of Venetian art, though still struggling against extinction in the octogenarian Titian, was in its last throes when

Paul Veronese commenced his career. To the creation of that era Paul's are all but as pinchbeck to virgin gold. Familiar with Venice in former days, I once more find myself on that widest of fields for scanning this matter. Il Paolo di Ca' Pisani was pre-eminently "Il Paolo" of the *gondolieri* and *ciceroni* of Venice. Two-thirds of its notoriety derive from them. Adepts at eking out their connection with strangers, it was one of the large mediocrities which served for that purpose. Thus it has overtopped in notoriety its betters by the same hand. Of these there are several in Venice; and with them might have been classed our "Consecration of St. Nicholas," but for its castigation, in 1852, by Messrs. Eastlake and Uwins.

The £4,314 5s. 8d.-worth of exploded acquisitions, the "Adoration of the Magi," the "Botticelli," the Galvagna "Bellini," and the Mantegna (£1,125 12s.), officially confessed to have been "possibly completed by an assistant" (Eastlake's Rep. Estimates, Civil Service, 1856-7, p. 54), the banishment of some of the Galvagna lot to Ireland, and the sale of others by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on the 14th of last February, at half their cost, together with the approach of the period for demanding a fresh grant, rendered some dashing speculation imperative. The "superior eligibility" of Germans must be maintained. But as gold itself may be bought too dear, so may inferior metals. Even at an indulgent estimate, £14,000 is four times as much as this "Paolo di Ca' Pisani" is worth. As its purchase must have been backed by high sanction, the lungs of *claqueurs* will of course be exerted to legitimate its spurious fame, and, as in the case of the "Adoration of the Magi," a "letter" from somewhere will, of course, "have been seen," in which some unnameable somebody had offered an advance of 20 per cent. on its cost. But all things find their level. The purchasers of last year have found theirs.

The price ostensibly agreed upon between Count Pisani and Herr Mündler for the "Family of Darius" was 12,000*l.* To the great discomfiture of a circle to which I will presently introduce the English public, the count insisted on being paid in Austrian silver. The exchange brought him an advantage of 360*l.* Deducting these sums from 13,650*l.*, there remains 1290*l.* The proportions in which our Bavarian representative dealt out the entire sum are as follows:—

Sum ostensibly appropriated by Pisani	...	£12,360	0
Banking commission to Mr. Valentine, at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent	...	70	0
Commissions on the Picture:—			
1. Signor Enrico Dubois, banker (son-in-law of Pisani)	...	62	10
2. Signor Carlo Dubois, banker	...	62	10
3. Signor Caterino Zen, Pisani's 1st steward	...	300	0
4. Signor Pietro Dezan, " 2d <i>idem</i>	...	271	10
5. Signor Dr. Monterumici, " lawyer	...	271	10
6. Signor Paolo Fabris, " restorer"	...	200	0
7. Giuseppe Comirato, Pisani's valet	...	12	0
8. Caterina Rini, Pisani's cameriera (chambermaid)	...	10	0
9. Pietro Galberti, Pisani's gondolier	...	6	0
10. Angelo Comin, " <i>idem</i>	...	6	0
11. Riccardo de Sandre, " cook	...	6	0
12. Pietro Dorigo, " porter	...	6	0
13. Angela Dorigo, " porter's wife	...	6	0
		£13,650	0

Thus, no one can impute to us a monopoly of Herr Mündler's favours; they are freely shared with Italian bankers, counts, stewards first and stewards second, lawyers, "restorers," valets, gondoliers, porters, porters' wives, chambermaids, and cooks. It is said that out of the 13,650*l.* he has rescued for us a balance of 5 *francs*, but this I consider apocryphal.

After the settlement of this notable bargain, but not till after, Herr Mündler awoke to the advisableness of obtaining from Pisani some document confirmatory of the picture's authenticity. Itself was its only document. No "pedigree;" an agreeable surprise for a pedigree critic. Another incident has amused the Venetians. I have mentioned "framing" as one of the items destined to swell our bill. Some may think that for £13,650 the frame might have been thrown in; but "picture without frame" was the *ultimatum*, and as the pressure was great the only alternative was submission. The pressure was

suspected. Had Pisani known all, he might have obtained £20,000 as easily as the minor sum—in Austrian silver, too. The cause of the count's fancy for the frame soon transpired. About 40 miles hence, and pleasantly perched on the Euganean slopes, stands a merry old town called Este. Here the count is said to possess another "Family of Darius," of the same dimensions as the one just sacrificed. This was kept secret till after the sale. On Tuesday, the 14th instant, Herr Mündler, who, as Mr. Harcourt Vernon has it, "appears to be a very painstaking and laborious person" (Debates, April 7, 1856), hastened to Este to fathom this curious work; but not alone. He is sufficiently adroit not to walk by his own lights. He prefers securing at least a chance of keeping his feet. A Signor Paolo Fabris, 'restorer,' a very *Seguier* in the 'venerated art,' and a participator in the late spoil—as per list—accompanied him as his salaried adviser—as the adviser of our adviser. The 'restorer' is returned; the 'extremely painstaking and laborious person' pursued his travels westward. The result of their deliberations has not reached me. Herr Mündler's modesty is the theme of general admiration here. Though the arch-adviser of the English government, he never presumes to form a judgment without having first taken the sense of the town. It is to this multiplicity of counsels, and to his 'considerable acumen' in selection, that we are indebted for so many masterpieces, and so much economy. The 'general rule,' so happily propounded by 'My Lords of the Treasury' in their minute of March, 1855, 'that preference should be given to fine pictures for sale abroad,' was meant to protect this style of research from the malignity of 'disappointed competitors.'

And now a few words on another theme. On the 1st of August, 1855, and 7th of April, 1856, certain members of the House of the Commons sought to cloak their obsequiousness, and their callousness to national honour, in voting for the appointment of this Bavarian, by asserting that he was "favourably known in every city of the continent." As though that were a sufficient argument for conferring on this alien a lucrative English office! To fill an English office, a man, be he alien or English, ought to be "favourably known" in England, and to be bound to us, moreover, by some pledge that would make ruin the consequence of ill-conduct. Which of these conditions does this Bavarian satisfy? I care not to penetrate whether the members above indicated asserted what they knew to be false. It is enough that they should have asserted what they *could* not know to be true; a knowledge impossible, for it would unhinge fact. Within the last seven months I have visited the principal cities of Germany, and in each it has been one of my special occupations to make inquiries about this individual. In the more comprehensive sense, he is unknown in his own country; where known, the opinion held of him is identical with that which is current of him in the French metropolis. What that opinion is, I stated in a letter from Paris to the London journals on the 24th of last September. It is of the worst. I defied contradiction then, I defy contradiction now. Here, in Venice, he stands no better. Incapacity is the least that is imputed to him. I contend that such a concurrence of opinion could not exist without foundation. Throughout the Continent his appointment and his office are standing topics for contempt and ridicule at the expense of England. They are repugnant to propriety and to common sense. Who will have the front to maintain that, in addition to a director at £1,000 a year, and a secretary at £750, exclusive of house-rent, it is expedient to waste on a third man—on an alien, too!—a further £1,000 a-year in salary and "travelling expenses," that we may be saddled with such monstrosities as the "Adoration of the Magi," as the "Botticelli," as the Galvagna "Bellini," &c.; or that any such abstruse legislation is needed to purchase a second-rate specimen of a second-rate master, for £14,000? This German "travelling agency" is an imposture. But if bear we must with the creation of sham offices for incompetent and equivocal characters, let us at least have them filled by Englishmen of that compound category, that our shame may not be aggravated by needless divulgation.—Yours obediently,

Venice, April 26, 1857.

MORRIS MOORE.

THE MORAL THEORY OF MUSIC.

BY JOSEPH GODDARD.

(Concluded from page 293.)

It will be remembered that in some previous considerations we discovered that the appropriate position of the principle of Tone and Phrase, is, in the representation of circumstances, truths, and sentiments, of a lofty, comprehensive, and original character,—that its moral function is to relieve the breast of those emotions acquired by the contemplation of the above order of influences, that is, by the extension of the appreciative faculties, and the enlargement of the sympathy; and also to create that primary warmth, expansiveness, and ripeness of imagination in the listener, appropriate for the embodiment of the above imagery, and thus to aid that extension of appreciation and enlargement of sympathy in him, which is essential for his becoming duly impressed.

In proceeding, then, with my endeavour to account for the remarkable adequacy, efficiency, and eloquence with which "music" lends itself to the expression of sacred feelings,—for the readiness, facility, and general tendency it manifests to abstract its voice from the utterance of all other impressions, and to upraise it, in hallowed breathings or celestial echoes, to the awful expression of religious emotion, it must be next considered whether the influences that arouse religious feelings are such as demand, in so doing, an expansion of imagination, an extension of the appreciative faculties, and an enlargement of the sympathy.

In entering into this consideration it will be at once perceived that the religious influences of emotion, are such as demand, in duly impressing us, an exertion of imagination of the highest and widest degree. It will be clearly observed that religious truths, religious injunctions, religious promises, require a most exalted effort of the imagination before their appropriate emotions are kindled within us. Thus, in becoming conscious of those Heavenly emotions that accrue from the consideration of the wise, mild, and amiable injunctions of religion, our imagination first pictures the bright and happy condition of humanity, the virtuous and admirable examples that the fulfilment of these injunctions would inevitably produce; in comparison to that mixed joy and dubious happiness, and to those mingled examples of generosity and selfishness which is the highest result of purely natural injunctions:—our imagination then first thus pictures these results of religious injunctions, which, thus warmly embodied, kindle the glow of our sympathy and inspire appropriate emotion.

By the same process do we become conscious of that fervent and deep emotion of consolation that accompanies the consideration of religious promises. For does not the imagination, in the first place, throw its light and colours forward in the breast to the fulfilment of our great coming heritage, until we realize in the mind our deliverance from death to eternal life—the restoration to us of those we have lost—the forgiveness of our sins—the satisfactory exposure, by the light of Divine justice, of those of our actions that its earthly administration left in dubiety and darkness. Is it not then by the rapid delineation of this momentous scene in the imagination that our sympathies are awakened in their intensest life, kindling simultaneously the high and appropriate emotion of our hearts.

Thus, then, we see that all the moral truths of a Religious character involve, for due appreciation, a considerable effort of the imagination, and it will be hereafter shewn that a similar exertion of the imaginative faculty is also required for appropriately realising in the mind all those religious truths that are of a circumstantial character.

But there is a great distinction between the nature of the effort of imagination made in the conception of religious influences, and the nature of that put forth in the conception of all others that require the exertion of the imaginative faculty.

The effort of imagination, wrought under the influence of religious truth, is one on a totally different and larger scale than can be kindled by any other influence. For, it will be perceived, that all other influences, all natural truths, however comprehensive, however far and magnificent, invoking howso-

ever great an exertion of imagination to bring them within the reach of the moral sympathy or mental appreciation, still require the creative faculty to delineate no picture within the mind but such a one as is consistent with the natural conditions of the universe in which we exist, in conformity with which the character and powers of our respective faculties were designed. Whereas the influences of a religious character demand for due emotional appreciation such a totally strange, grand, and unearthly flight of imagination—they demand the delineation of such a supernatural and stupendous picture in the mind, as imagination could never have found in all the dignified space of natural morality for durability; nor within the vast starry depths of the material Universe, for circumstantial magnificence.

Commensurate with the superior greatness of the effort of imagination exerted in the reception of religious influence over that put forth in receiving the impressions of all others, is also the superior fervency and earnestness of the response of the sympathy and appreciation to this appeal over the sympathetic and appreciative responses to all other imaginative representations. For what other immediate influences of emotion, embodied in the mind, or existing palpably before us, can kindle our sympathy so strongly and earnestly as those which religious truth involves even when pictured only in imagination?

What can be more calculated to excite the strongest sympathy of mankind than the realization, though only within the mind, of the promises, injunctions, and truths of religion? The deliverance from the ghastly oblivion of the grave—the inheritance of eternal life—the re-union of those long-lost to us in the mystery of Death—the bright reward of patient endurance—the exposure of concealed guilt to the all-searching light of Divine truth—the meeting with the Creator in the aspect of an Almighty Father who has ever watched over us, remembering our temptations, and forgiving us our sins—the complete triumph of Justice, and the everlasting exaltation of Virtue. What other scenery, wrought in the prophetic light of imagination, can inspire such sympathy as this? What Picture, even glowing within the frame of actual life and reality, can arouse human interest and sympathy so fervent as does this? though delineated only in the ethereal creation of the mind; but invoked by the voice of God, and tinged with the colors of conscience.

As I have previously hinted, it can also be shown how superior an effort of imagination, and how much greater a task for the appreciation, must be wrought, in order for us to become duly impressed by circumstantial truths, when such are of a religious nature than when of any other character.

For though many circumstantial influences of a natural character demand in duly impressing us an exertion of the imaginative faculty, in order that the appreciation may form some analogy between them and the circumstantial influences immediately before us; still it will be observed that such influences never demand an effort of imagination extending beyond the bounds, and incompatible with the design of the Physical Universe, and that might not possibly be superseded by the guidance of intellect.

But what mental pilots have navigated so far into the sea of truth as to lead our minds to a due perception of Heavenly circumstance?

What wondrous standard has yet been compiled from which we can take out the mighty proportions of Divine state?

On what refulgent prism shall we cast our eyes to see the glowing colours, wherein to enrobe our ideas of celestial splendour?

What beacons of human intellect have been erected past the confines of this natural sphere, across that vast and mystic sea that stretches from the Port of Death, and rolls beyond the shores of Time, to guide the appreciations of man to compass the circumstantial wonders—the scenic glories—that majestically attend the existence of Religious Truth?

Therefore, in forming our idea of these things—for we must form some idea of them to become emotionally impressed—in becoming possessed of feelings appropriate from the consideration of religious circumstance, how slightly we are assisted by our intellect, and how greatly we must exert the imagination!

How ever soaring and straining upon the extreme verge of its sphere must the creative faculty be, in performing its part of that inward process by which we become conscious of emotions inspired by this order of religious influences, in intelligibly picturing to the natural appreciation those stupendous exemplifications of Divine Power, Triumph, and Glory—those unearthly scenes and wonders which sublime the page of the religious past, and the no less impressive imagery that renders deeply picturesque the religious future.

From these considerations then it is apparent that in becoming possessed of emotions inspired by religious influences, whether of a moral or circumstantial character, we make an effort of imagination, vaster and loftier, than in the reception of any other feeling. In becoming impressed by a religious influence of a circumstantial character we, by exerting our imagination, produce an extended action of our natural appreciation, and in being wrought upon by a religious influence of a moral and comprehensive nature we, by exercising the creative faculty, kindle an extended action of our sympathy. The emotion created in the former circumstances being of such a nature as is produced by the expansion of the mind, and in the latter circumstances, by the response of the heart.

Thus then it appears that the acquisition of the feelings of a religious character involves an exertion of imagination, an extension of appreciation, and an enlargement of sympathy by far more considerable than is demanded in the conception of any other order of emotions. We here then arrive at the explanation of that remarkable grandeur and efficiency with which the principle of Tone and Phrase rises to the expression of Divine emotions.

For considering that the forms of emotional influence all circumstances and truths of a lofty and comprehensive character assume, are almost totally sustained in existence by a primary expanse, and subtle glow, of imagination, and thus by an extended action of the appreciation of sympathy that, therefore, the conveyance of such forms of influence,—the emotions they inspire depends almost entirely upon the communication of this internal temper. Considering that the more the existence of any emotional influence depends upon a remarkable vividness and fulness of imagination, and upon a considerable tension of the appreciation and sympathy, the farther will it be understood to lie without the range of the ordinary experience of general humanity—the more morally strange and impalpable will it be—the less will it admit of becoming compassed by any of the mediums of suggestion that are current amongst mankind; consequently the less must it be such an influence as is calculated to be realised before others by means of the principle of representation, and therefore the less must the imparting of emotions inspired by the above kind of influence lie within the function of the principle of *representation*, and the more must their conveyance fall to the capacity of the principle of *direct communication*. Considering that the circumstances and truths of a religious character are, beyond all others, lofty and comprehensive, that they involve in being realised a glow of imagination more vivid and immense than that attending the birth of any other order of feelings, a glow of imagination grand, unearthly, supernatural, and soaring beyond the confines of this physical universe. Considering that the flight of appreciation demanded in the conception of religious feelings is of the loftiest that can be borne by the wings of the human mind, and the swell of sympathy the most extended and intense that can rebound from the human heart. Considering that it is the special characteristic of the principle of Tone and Phrase to convey the, by other means, wholly inexpressible glow of imagination and spiritual enthusiasm above described, and its peculiar and mysterious property to impart emotions by *direct communication* (of which process the before mentioned kindling of imagination is the sole visible portion.) Considering these things, is it not at once apparent how completely, in accordance with universal consistency, natural propriety, and with the whole strain of argument advanced in this enquiry, emotions of a religious character, fall for expression, beyond all others, into the province of the Principle of Tone and Phrase.

Considering that the emotions in question fall for expression

more undividedly within the province of this great principle than of all others, can we wonder that in their utterance, in development of the resources of its nature, tempered and enhanced by the amassed taste and ingenuity of man, and guided by the mystic inspiration of genius, it rises—sublimely rises—to its highest and grandest exemplifications? Considering that these exemplifications are in their nature the most advanced manifestations of that principle peculiarly constituted by the Creator to form the medium for expressing and conveying emotions amongst men—of that principle particularly selected by him to be the ethereal language of the feelings of humanity; and ultimately considering the totally chastened and sublime nature of religious emotions, their purity, strength, earnestness, fervour, warmth, constancy, and ever augmenting intensity, can we wonder that in their expression we meet with such an unearthly and impressive grandeur? Can we fail to account in their utterance by the lofty voice of Music, for a beauty, solemnity, pathos, and power, that is beyond Nature, and which stands apart, in its Divine attitude, from all other effects of Art?

Throughout the whole of the foregoing considerations, it will be observed that I have spoken of the Tone, Emphasis, and Pause, of human speech, as having emanated from the principle of Music, and not as constituting the simple and original source from whence the present mighty stream of chastened Tone hath rolled; because the latter representation would not have been consistent with truth. For although, in a chronological sense, the influence termed music has sprung up subsequently to the existence of the above-mentioned properties of human speech; it, in truth, existed before them, constituting itself the hidden principle of which they are faint indications. In developing more fully any principle in the universe whatsoever, we are not going further from it, but proceeding nearer to it. In all our inventions and general progress, we are only practically illustrating principles which existed before, increasing our knowledge over the same, and thus approaching closer to them.

Thus, in our march of knowledge, improvement, and civilisation, we are, in reality, proceeding, not forward, but backward. We advance forward in relationship to the temporal and mortal chronicle of humanity, but with respect to the timeless and eternal chronicle of the universe, we must ever recede backward. For man in his progress to both wisdom and virtue, is like a child that is learning to walk, and as the mother places her offspring her arms' length distant from her, and there supports it with the ends of her fingers 'ere it retrace its little course, even so is the moral condition of humanity with regard to the principles of its existence. So is the state of man in relationship to his Creator, as, like a child pursuing its anxious but protected journey to its mother's breast, he wends through life his homeward way to God.

25th February, 1857.

JOSEPH GODDARD.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

AN accident occurred on Wednesday night at this theatre which, if it had not been promptly met and fully provided against, might have been serious. In raising the velvet curtain before the 4th act of *Richard II.*, it came in contact with some gaslights, and immediately took fire. Mrs. Kean, who happened to be on the stage, immediately came forward and entreated the audience to keep their seats. The supply of water was excellent, and in a very few moments the fire was completely extinguished, the only damage done being to the dresses of some of the performers, which were spoilt by the water used to put out the flames. The performances were necessarily suspended, but were resumed the next evening. Nothing could have been more effective than the means by which the fire was so promptly suppressed.

MUSICAL TREAT—(From *Punch*).—Amongst many other interesting items of intelligence respecting music on the Continent, we read that—"Carrion has had a complete ovation in *La Somnambula*." *La Somnambula* is generally considered a very sweet opera; but its sweetness must be of a peculiar kind, seeing that it appears to have been rendered all the sweeter by Carrion.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Monday, May 18th. *THE EVIL GENIUS*; after which, *ATALANTA*; to conclude with *BOX AND COX*. In future the Prices of Admission to this Theatre will be—Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Second Price—Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Lower Gallery, 6d. Commence each evening at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Monday, May 18th. *JOSEPH CHAVIGNY*, or, *UNDER THE THUMB*, in which Madame Celeste will appear, with Mr. B. Webster. *FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN THE SEVEN DIALS*. Messrs. Wright and P. Bedford. To conclude with *WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER*. Messrs. Wright, P. Bedford, Mrs. Chatterly. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Monday, May 18th, and during the week, *RICHARD THE SECOND*, preceded by *AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE*. Commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Monday, May 18th, *DADDY HARDACRE*; and *YOUNG AND HANDSOME*. Commence at Half-past 7.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Monday, May 18th. Verdi's *IL TROVATORE*, with the whole of the recitatives and music, and with equestrian illustrations. Supported by Misses R. Isaacs, and Fanny Huddart; Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. J. A. Lefler, and Mr. Borraui. Conductor, Herr Meyer Lutz. With other Entertainments. Commence at 7.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 16TH, 1857.

THE Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, though two years in advance of the anniversary that would have rendered it appropriate as a commemoration of an event possessing the highest interest for musicians and lovers of music, promises to be something more than was at first anticipated. To regard such a celebration (as this holds out every chance of being) in the light of a mere preliminary essay would be absurd. The preparations are on so grand a scale, that our greatest provincial music-meetings appear but dwarfs in comparison. The logic of the undertaking is not clear. Handel died in 1759, and the centenary of his death is to be celebrated in the year 1857. True, this professes to be a sort of essay—the *avant-courier* of a still vaster and more magnificent ceremony two years hence. But let no one believe it. Two years hence the enthusiasm will have died out, and London will yield to Halle the task of commemorating the real centenary of Handel's death.

And why should it be otherwise? Handel lived in England, and produced his greatest works in England; but he was born at Halle; and as a statue of Beethoven was erected at Bonn, although Beethoven won his celebrity in Vienna, so a statue of Handel will be erected at Halle although Handel gained his chief renown in London. The forthcoming festival at Sydenham is a fitting tribute on the part of our nation to the memory of that great genius who so-journed for many years in England, and thereby conferred as much honor upon England as England conferred honor upon herself in the warmth and unanimity of her appreciation. Handel made England musical, and England made Handel English; but it must not be forgotten that at Halle, the little Saxon town, the composer of *The Messiah* first saw the light; and for this plain reason we must neither cavil nor sneer at the little festival (little in comparison with ours) by which the inhabitants of Halle—proud of the distinction that the birth of so great a man conferred upon their town—desire to show their sense of it to the best of their ability and means. Those who rail against Halle and its commemoration, and who quarrel with the English committee (headed by Sir George Smart and Dr. Sterndale Bennett) which has been instituted in this country as a sort of agency in the accomplishment of the scheme,

are in the wrong. Halle would be disgraced in the eyes of Europe if it *did not* hold its centenary festival. Let other towns and cities do the same according to their resources—since what town or city in Europe has not more or less profited by Handel's immortal works, either in the cause of charity or the cause of art? England most of all has been a gainer; and it is therefore only fit that England should do her best for such an occasion. The fact that the festival in the Crystal Palace will excel in grandeur and completeness all other possible celebrations, is not only a sign that our means are greater than those of our neighbours, but our obligations also.

The preliminary arrangements (we are informed) continue to progress in a manner highly satisfactory to all who have a hand in their direction. The interest felt by the public in the undertaking is triumphantly manifested by the steady and uninterrupted demand for tickets. The instrumental orchestra is ready, every metropolitan and provincial player having already signed his engagement. The London department of the chorus has long been in a state of completeness, as the highly successful trials at Exeter Hall, with 1100 singers, under Mr. Costa's direction, of the choruses in the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabeus*, have proved; and very little remains to do to place the country branches in the same position.

Among the towns from which chorus singers have been deputed are the following:—Birmingham, Bradford, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, York, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Norwich, Cambridge, Ely, Lichfield, Leicester, Coventry, Chester, Warrington, Frome, Huddersfield, Halifax, Ripon, Lincoln, Salisbury, Oxford, Carlisle, Bangor, Nottingham, Dublin, Armagh, Belfast, Limerick, Wakefield, Barnsley, Sheffield, Durham, etc., etc.

Preparatory rehearsals of the oratorios are about to take place in the various *locales*. At Birmingham, Bradford, and Liverpool they are already announced, and are likely to occasion no little excitement. From all the towns we have enumerated applications to take part in the Festival were inconveniently numerous. The committee, however, anxious to cultivate as wide a circle as possible, in order that a general interest might be taken in the Festival, have been compelled in many places to accept only a few voices where hundreds were at their disposal.

The selections from the various country districts have been confided to local professors and amateurs possessing a thorough knowledge of the subject, while the members of the London chorus have been individually tested by gentlemen of great experience in the practice and theory of choral music: thus the best results may be confidently anticipated.

A number of lay clerks from the various cathedrals have accepted the invitations of the Committee, the clerical authorities granting them leave of absence for the occasion.

The gathering in London of so many members of the cathedral choirs has suggested the idea of a grand choral service in Westminster Abbey, to be held on the Thursday in the festival week. It is anticipated that the choir on this occasion will comprise upwards of two hundred picked singers.

The final choral rehearsals of the London division are to take place (as we have previously stated) on the 18th May, and the 1st and 5th of June.

The grand rehearsal of the united choir, of two thousand voices, is fixed for the evening of the 12th of June, when every nook and corner of Exeter Hall will be filled by the vocal performers.

An issue of tickets at 10s. 6d. for the north and south

naves will commence on Monday next; and as the leading railway companies are expected to run excursion trains to and from London during the Festival week, there is little doubt of these exceptional privileges being in great request. The central transept galleries are to be fitted up with seats, private access to which will be contrived by means of the staircases in the north and south transepts. The seats (like those in the blocks on the floor of the transept) will be lettered and numbered.

Thus it will be seen that the preparations are on a truly unprecedented scale, and we only hope that the issue may be such as to repay the labour and enthusiasm that have been expended in advance upon an undertaking so highly honourable to all concerned in it.

WHEN will the English become once more a *ballet-loving* nation?

He who recollects the excitement caused twelve or fourteen years ago, when Carlotta sparkled in *La Esmeralda*, when Cerito blazed forth in *Alma*, when Taglioni seemed immortal, and each in turn was applauded by a mass of phrenetic enthusiasts, must arrive at the conclusion that London has lost a sense. In the days to which we allude there was assembled together within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre one of the finest operatic companies that the world ever saw. Crisi, Rubini, Mario, Persiani, Lablache, were conspicuous in the posting-bills, but nevertheless the fact was incontrovertible, that the ballet was the chief object to which public attention was directed. And how did all classes labour in their several vocations, to keep the Terpsichorean sentiment alive! First, there was the manager, constantly endeavouring to crowd together the greatest possible quantity of choregraphic talent, and attaining absolute perfection in the *pas de quatre*. Secondly, there were the *danceuses* themselves, stimulated not only by the desire of applause, but by the fever of emulation, and regarding the stage as a field in which adversaries were to be vanquished as well as laurels to be gathered. Thirdly, there were the critics inventing a language for things that no language can describe, and indulging in metaphysico-poetical rhapsodies, which the public could not understand, and, therefore, wondered the more. Fourthly, there were the pictorial and plastic artists producing lithographs and *statuettes* of the popular idols, whom, by the way, they idealized as much as possible, making them lose their way in really solid woods, and float upon really ætherial clouds. Fifthly, there were the shirtmakers, who spotted over the linen articles of male attire, with outline-portraits of dancing divinities. Sixthly, there were the "fast men" (the word was new then) who put the shirts on their backs, and worshipped as *penates* the pictures and *statuettes*. Then there was the great mass of the public, not to be assigned to any class, but open to the influence of them all, and as ready to be tempted as the tempters were to tempt.

We verily believe that at the present if all the muses and all the graces executed a *pas d'ensemble* to the conjoined music of the lyre of Apollo, and the pipe of Pan, there would not be so much as a wood-cut fashioned to celebrate the occasion, save for the *Illustrated News*. The stalls would indeed applaud, but they would be unreasonably anxious to reach their homes at an early hour; the "fast men" would think of their oysters and porter; the pictorial artist would retire to his *studio*, to complete a portrait of Mr. Spurgeon.

We have had among us one of the most delightful dancers

ever seen. Of course, we mean Mdle. Pocchini. Why is not everybody in love with Pocchini? Why are not chimney-pieces groaning under *statuettes* of Pocchini? Why does not Pocchini figure in a shirt front at the place nearest the heart? Why do not disputatious philosophers contend whether she is a realist or an idealist? Alas—alas—it is the case of Shelley's "sensitive plant":

"For love and beauty and delight
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure."

The ballet is a permanently beautiful thing, but we have grown dull. London has lost a sense.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *Lucia* was repeated for the second time, and attracted even a larger audience than on Thursday. Madlle. Piccolomini had conquered the slight nervousness attending the first performance, and her singing and acting, more especially in the second act, were admirable in every respect, and created a *furor*. Taking into consideration the difficulties presented to the vocalist, *Lucia* may now be accepted as one of Madlle. Piccolomini's most effective parts. Moreover, it has opened a new vein in her repertory. The part of Lucy heretofore has been unattempted except by the most accomplished *bravura* singers. It was written for Mdme. Persiani, one of the most surprising vocalists of the florid school. It was also a favorite part with Jenny Lind, and to these renowned artists belong all the brilliant reminiscences connected with it. The most ardent admirers of Mdle. Piccolomini could scarcely have anticipated a success for her in such exacting music. We acknowledged that we ourselves were among the sceptics, and much feared that the young artist was running a great risk. Nevertheless, Mdle. Piccolomini, by her performance of *Lucia*, must have satisfied the most doubting that she is not the parrot some of her disbelievers would make her out. She has not yet surmounted the obstacles presented in the opening *cavatina* and the last movement of the mad scene; but we have faith in her, and believe her capable of any effort to acquire perfection in her art.

Signor Giuglini gains new adherents nightly.

The great event of the week, however, was the return of Alboni, who made her first appearance this season as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, on Tuesday evening. The attendance was numerous and fashionable, and the house looked exceedingly brilliant, all the subscribers being present. Alboni's Rosina is one of the most enchanting performances. Rossini must have anticipated her voice and singing when he wrote the music. It is unhappily the fashion, now-a-days, to underrate the operas of the composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*—perhaps because there are so few singers to interpret them. Alboni, however, is Rossini's apostle, and goes about preaching in his behalf, and converting infidels to the true faith. May she long preach as eloquently as she did on Tuesday evening. The music of Rosina was never before so exquisitely sung, and there is no fear of Rossini being forgotten while such an interpreter is living. Such a reception we have seldom seen awarded to any artist. The applause continued for several minutes, until, in short, Alboni was tired bowing her acknowledgments. Her voice seems stronger this year, in the middle register, than it was before. More perfect her singing could not be—more rich and deliciously mellow her voice. The *cavatina*, "Una voce," displayed all those beauties which no other singer of the present day could crowd together into one performance; the beautiful and sympathetic quality of the voice, the noble phrasing, the perfect intonation, the faultless execution, the marvellous fluency always restricted by her reverence for the composer, and the simple and natural style, so utterly antagonistic to the modern school. The *cavatina* was encored, but Alboni—always an enemy to the encore system—would not accept it. A demand was also made for the duet, "Dunque io son," an equally wondrous performance, and again she refused. The audience,

however, were determined not to be disappointed a third time, and the encore after the matchless and astonishing performance of Rode's Air and Variation was too loud and persistent to be refused. Alboni repeated the last variation, with, if possible, increased effect.

Herr Reichardt was the Count Almaviva; Sig. Belletti, Figaro; Sig. Beneventano, Doctor Bartolo; Sig. Vialletti, Don Basilio. The cast was not particularly striking. Herr Reichardt, who made his first appearance, this year, is an admirable florid singer—a rare thing, by the way, for a German tenor. He sang the music of the Count with extreme neatness and finish in the execution. His *mezzo voce*, too, is excellent, and hence in the duet with Figaro, "All' idea di quel metallo," and in the trio in the last scene, his singing was satisfactory to a degree. In addition, Herr Reichardt's taste and feeling are excellent, and he is a thorough musician in the bargain—the latter qualification very rarely found, even in the most celebrated artists. He nevertheless was evidently suffering from hoarseness.

Signor Belletti gave the music of Figaro in his usual correct and artistic manner. A slight dash of humour would have improved it. Sig. Beneventano made little effect in Bartolo, but Sig. Vialletti produced a great effect by his ponderous and energetic manner in "La Calunnia." Sig. Beneventano, nevertheless, must be commended for retaining the fine *aria* sung by Bartolo to Rosina in the first act, too frequently omitted by the most renowned basses.

On Thursday *Lucia* was given for the third time as an extra night; and Mdlle. Pocchini danced her farewell in *La Esmeralda*. We hope Mr. Lumley may be enabled to supply the place of this most exquisite dancer; but we much doubt the possibility.

A new ballet, entitled *Acalista*, in which Madame Perea Nena, the Spanish danseuse who obtained so great a popularity at the Haymarket theatre, will appear, is announced for this evening.

Alboni makes her second appearance this day week, as Azucena, in the *Trovatore*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Rigoletto was repeated on Saturday, and Mad. Bosio renewed her triumph of the preceding Thursday.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia*, and on Thursday (*La Traviata* being postponed, in consequence of the indisposition of Sig. Graziani) *Rigoletto* was given for the third time.

To-night *La Traviata*, with Mad. Bosio and Mario as the heroine and hero.

The debut of Mdlle. Balfe is postponed to the 28th.

MADAME BOSIO.—During the sojourn of this accomplished *prima donna* at Florence, the consul of the Brazils offered her an engagement at the rate of 300,000 francs for ten months, with a house, carriage, and domestics, and a benefit ensured to realise 50,000 francs. Her travelling expenses for four persons would be allowed, and all guaranteed by the Government. Mad. Bosio has not yet replied to these brilliant proposals.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Monday all the artistes appear at Mrs. Anderson's Morning Concert. On Tuesday, 19th, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, with Piccolomini as Maria. Thursday, 21st, *La Traviata*, with Piccolomini heroine, and Giuglini. Saturday, 23rd, *Il Trovatore*, in which Spezia, Alboni, Giuglini, Beneventano, and Vialletti, will appear. On each night the new Ballet will be given.

NICE.—We learn from the *Avenir de Nice* that Mad. Bosio, on the occasion of the *fêtes* got up in honour of the Empress of Russia, was invited to sing at a *soirée* given by Her Imperial Majesty to the King of Sardinia, at which were present the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand-Duchess Helena, the Prince and Princess of Wurtemberg, and the principal dignitaries of the Imperial Court. Mad. Bosio sang the prayer and barcarole from the *Etoile du Nord*, the romance from the *Trovatore*, that from *Rigoletto*, and other *morceaux*, which appeared to afford unqualified pleasure to the august assembly. Her Majesty the Empress and the King of Sardinia expressed personally to Mad. Bosio the extreme gratification they received from her performances.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.

THE second season was inaugurated on Monday night with a grand performance of *Elijah*—the principals, chorus, and band numbering close on a thousand persons. The weather, which threatened a storm in the afternoon, was all that could be desired in the evening; and, long before the doors were opened, an enormous audience besieged the gates. The arrangements for admitting the public were most defective, and the managers do not seem to have profited by the experience they gained on the occasion of the Guards' Dinner, and at the "Alboni Nights," last season. No barriers were erected, and each individual was required to pass through a "turnstile," and through a fight to reach it. These "turnstiles" are all very well at Waterloo-bridge, but for the enormous audiences attracted to the Surrey Gardens, whenever *Elijah* is performed, they are both dangerous and inefficient. After much crushing and confusion the crowd overpowered the police, and upwards of five hundred persons obtained admission to the gardens without payment. We trust we shall not again have occasion to refer to the subject, and that the directors will apply a speedy and effectual remedy to a nuisance which causes innumerable complaints.

Long before the hour for which the performance was announced the great hall was filled to overflowing, every nook and corner which could afford even standing room being occupied. It was music, and music alone that had attracted this enormous assemblage. Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was the sole inducement, the ordinary amusements being suppressed for the evening. There were no fireworks, and no circus; the gardens were not illuminated, and there were no adventitious temptations of any sort or description. M. Jullien might well be proud of his audience. The experience of the past season had taught them how worthily he interpreted the works of the greatest masters, and from that of many years they knew that he never made a pledge which he did not fulfil. Although so late as Friday night he gave a concert at Rotterdam, yet punctual to a moment he appeared at the head of an orchestra, vocal and instrumental, 1,000 strong, supported by principal singers of the highest rank. He had an enormous reception. He was welcomed as an old friend and a public benefactor, the first who brought good music within the means of the masses, and the only one who had such faith in the cause as to give, not only an efficient, but a first-rate performance of *Elijah* for one shilling.

The overture, in which—after the denunciation of the prophet—the miseries of the suffering people are so perfectly described, was admirably performed, and proved that M. Jullien had got together an admirable band. The first chorus, "Help, Lord," also gave evidence that the chorus was not less efficient. We do not propose to give a detailed account of the performance of a work so well known as *Elijah*; but as examples of magnificent choral singing we must cite the glorious "Thanks be to God," (which was followed by tumultuous applause). "Be not afraid," "Woe to him, he shall perish," and "Then did Elijah the Prophet break forth like a fire," the execution of which was admirable in every particular. Each of these were entitled to unqualified praise, and did credit as much to M. Jullien as to the instrumental and choral force under his direction.

The solo singers, Miss Vinning, Mdme. Weiss, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves, did ample justice to the parts allotted to them, and proved their title to rank among the best singers of sacred music. The audience insisted on encoiring the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," (Miss Vinning, Madame Weiss, and Mrs. Lockey). "O, rest in the Lord," (Mrs. Lockey) and "Then shall the righteous shine forth," (Mr. Sims Reeves). A strong attraction was also made to encores "Hear ye, Israel" (Miss Vinning), but as that piece passes by a striking transition of harmony into the chorus, "Be not afraid," M. Jullien most properly went on with the performance.

The multitude assembled in the hall listened to the oratorio with unflagging attention from beginning to end, and the applause was both hearty and discriminating. Altogether we never heard a finer performance of Mendelssohn's greatest work; at the conclusion of which M. Jullien was again loudly cheered.

On Tuesday the ordinary amusements of the gardens were

resumed. Mr. Cooke was there, with his *Cirque Impérial*—as he calls it—being probably more accustomed to the management of horses than to the genders of French nouns. A gipsy, in a red cloak, was beguiling unwary youth with her "Tell you your fortune, pretty gentleman." Mr. Danson gave an illuminated view of "Faëry Land," and the fireworks were brilliant as usual. The "music" of the Circus, however, was placed in unpleasant proximity to the Hall, wherein a concert, with M. Jullien's orchestra, was announced to commence at seven. The hour arrived, and the hall was filled with an expectant audience, but the ever-punctual M. Jullien was, for the first time, absent from his post in the orchestra. The "music" whereto the horses are accustomed to pace in the *manège* was however but too audible, and nearly half an hour after the time appointed for M. Jullien's concert had elapsed ere it ceased. Immediately after its conclusion, M. Jullien appeared in his place, but instead of being welcomed as usual, was received with evident marks of dissatisfaction. He at once came forward to the front of the orchestra, and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am extremely sorry for this delay, which has arisen from no fault of mine, but I was afraid to spoil the music of the horses." Three rounds of applause, loud and long, followed this sally, and the movement from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony was magnificently played by the band, without being accompanied by the "music of the horses." We hope, that in future, arrangements will be made for concluding the equestrian performances before the time appointed for M. Jullien's concert, which is and ever will be the main attraction for the public which frequents the Royal Surrey Gardens.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE fourth and last of Mr. Howard Glover's "Educational Concerts for the People" attracted an overflowing audience. The programme was one of more than ordinary interest, and called into request the talents of Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Thomas, Miss Stabbach, Miss Theresa Jefferys, the Misses Brougham, and other popular singers; while instrumental music was represented by artists no less distinguished than Herr Ernst (violin), Signor Piatti (violin), and Miss Arabella Goddard (pianoforte). Probably a richer musical treat was never offered to an audience, the majority of whom were admitted at the charge of "one shilling." The most gratifying incident, however, was that the best music produced the greatest effect, and that nothing in the concert created more enthusiasm than Beethoven's sonata in G for pianoforte and violin. The whole of this fine composition was performed (it is scarcely necessary to add how well) by Miss Goddard and Herr Ernst, and listened to with eager attention, the audience not satisfied with testifying their satisfaction by the heartiest applause at the end of each movement, but unanimously insisting upon a repetition of the *finale*. After this who will assert that good music, when intrusted to equally good players, cannot enlist the sympathies of a crowd? Of the rest it is enough to say that every piece was thoroughly enjoyed, and that the singing of Mr. Sims Reeves, above all, excited a sensation. The popular English tenor gave several songs, and none afforded more genuine satisfaction than Mr. Glover's beautiful setting of Shelley's Indian serenade, "I arise from dreams of thee," which was rapturously encored. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Mr. Benediet, Herr Berger, and Mr. Glover himself.

BRISTOL.—On Saturday Mr. Frederick Huxtable gave a pianoforte recital at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton. The selection comprised Beethoven's "Appassionata Sonata," a prelude and fugue, No. 7, by Sebastian Bach, "Wanderstunden," No. 2, by Heller, "La Fontaine," by Lysberg, "La Traviata," by Madame Oury, "Dance des Sylphs," by Jaell, "Reveil des Fées," by Godefroid, "Semiramide," by L. de Meyer, and an arrangement of the National Anthem, by Schuloff. The great sonata of Beethoven was given in its entirety. Mad. Oury's *fantasia* was redemanded, also "Semiramide," but the length of the programme compelled the performer to decline the compliment.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Philharmonic Society gave a full dress concert on Tuesday, recently, when the programme included a new cantata entitled *The Lyre*, composed by Mr. S. Percival, the principal flautist of the Philharmonic orchestra, and a miscellaneous selection of music.

The artists were Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Hiles, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss.

In recording the production of Mr. Percival's cantata, *The Lyre*, by our Philharmonic Society, it is no more than justice to the Committee to give them every credit for their laudable endeavours to further art and encourage merit. They have shown a good example, which we hope to see followed by metropolitan societies of longer standing, and greater pretensions. The *Lyre* is, we believe, Mr. Percival's Op. 7, but in magnitude it may be considered his first work, and as such bids fair to place him, if he perseveres, in the rank of our most promising native composers. In attempting to enter into the merits of a work on the first hearing, one is naturally inclined to wish for its repetition in order to form a better estimate of its worth; we will, however, endeavour to give a slight sketch of it:—

The words are selected from Gray's Ode, "The Progress of Poetry."

The cantata opens with an introductory symphony, the first movement of which, an *adagio* in three-four time, is in D, followed by a rather long and slightly Mendelssohnian *allegro agitato* in the minor of the same key, terminating with some forty bars of the subject of the first movement, treated as a coda.

We now come to the opening chorus and soprano solo, "Awake, Æolian lyre, awake," still in D, preceded by a few bars of symphony on the dominant. This is perhaps the most spirited movement in the cantata, and shows that Mr. Percival knows how to write well for voices; not that we would wish to infer that he is deficient in a knowledge of instrumentation.

No. 3, quartet and chorus, "Oh, Sovereign of the willing soul," opens with a nice andante for strings, *con-sordini*, in B minor, with quartet and chorus interspersed, leading into an *allegro agitato* (duet for tenor and bass) in D, returning to the andante which ends in D.

No. 4, duet for two trebles, "Thee, the voice, the dance obey," is a very cheering movement, an *allegretto* in A, and well deserved the unanimous encore it met with. It is very melodious, and certainly the most original piece in the work.

No. 5 is a symphony and recitative for soprano in F, "Slow melting strains."

No. 6, "Man's feeble race," a duet for soprano and tenor in D minor, nine-eight time, has much energy.

No. 7, "In climes beyond the solar road," recitative and air for bass voice, in B flat, has a bold subject, but lacks continuity.

No. 8. A pastoral chorus, "Words that wane," in F, is very pretty and effective, and though not strictly original, is sufficiently out of the beaten track to savour of newness.

No. 9. Quartet, "Till the sad nine" in D, opens with the subject of the first movement in the introductory symphony, and is a very good specimen of part writing.

No. 10.—The concluding chorus is also in D, and winds up the cantata in a very satisfactory manner. That there is much to commend is certain, and that this work promises largely for the future is also certain; but we do hope that Mr. Percival in his next essay will be more continuous in his forms of melody. The present may be pronounced a very capital beginning, but too disjointed in form to make it a standard work. If Mr. Percival only progresses, we augur a most successful future, and most devoutly wish it him.

We trust, however, that Mr. Percival will in future trust more to his imagination and less to his memory, for though we are devout admirers of Mendelssohn, we wish our young composers either to be original, or not to compose at all. Mr. Percival, however, like all young composers, cannot well forget what has often charmed him, but we trust that in future he will rely entirely on his own resources, and be more happy, if less ambitious, in the choice of subject.

The execution of the cantata was very satisfactory—the principals, band, and chorus, evidently exerting themselves to the utmost to do justice to it. Several *morceaux* were loudly applauded; the duet, "Thee, the voice, the dance obey," being encored *aux grand cris*.

In the second part, Miss Louisa Vinning, who sang "Di Tale amor," "Home, sweet Home," "Gin a body," and with Mr.

Montem Smith, the duet "Parigi o cara," created quite a *furor*. She is, we believe, a native of Liverpool, where, as "The infant Sappho," she was once an immense favourite. Now she comes amongst us as a finished *artiste* of the first class, with a clear, rich, and extensive voice, a brilliant execution, and great expression. Though not quite able to conceal the art, which had made her so charming a singer, Miss Vinning sang with rare brilliancy, piquancy, and pathos, rousing the whole audience to spontaneous and frequent bursts of enthusiasm.

Mr. Montem Smith, whose voice is now one of the most charming and sympathetic possessed by a native vocalist, sang his share of "Parigi o cara" with great sweetness and graceful *finesse*, and Mr. Weiss declaimed Bartolo's aria, "La Vendetta," with his usual skill.

During the week Mr. Charles Mathews has been the "star" at our Theatre Royal, and Mr. G. Honey at our Royal Amphitheatre.

J. H. N.

MENDELSSOHN.

(From the British Quarterly Review).

EACH of the fine arts has a literature of its own, not excepting even the last jocular addition to their number—that of Murder. Some of them have been amongst the most fertile sources of book-making. The complaint of the preacher as to the endlessness of that branch of industry, might indeed have had little ground if nature alone had been drawn upon for themes. *Facts* are naturally laconic, but *tastes* abhor brevity. Many a picture, covering little canvas, has blackened large breadths of paper; and Jacques, who saw only a sermon in a stone, might have seen a thick folio in it if it had happened to be carved. Books of this kind, however, consisting mostly of criticism and biography, though they spring from and are devoted to the several arts, have usually something of interest for the common reader, and they influence the tone of our general literature. These separate streams at some points touch and mingle with the main current. The literature of music is the one exception to this rule. Here the stream flows entirely apart, and sometimes even dips out of the common ken like those subterranean rivers which travellers describe. Musical criticism is usually such a mosaic of technical dilettantisms, that to the uninitiated reader an open score of the work it treats of would scarcely be more inscrutable; and if we except Mr. Holmes's charming "Life of Mozart," we have no biography of a composer which can be supposed to exert any attractive force beyond the limits of the musical guild. The heavy historical labours of Hawkins, Burney, Busby, and Latrobe, are certainly not classics in the same sense as are the works of Reynolds and Vasari. Even Burgh's "Anecdotes," though addressed to "the British female dilettanti," presuppose, we fear, more zeal and more science than are common amongst the St. Cecilians of our drawing-rooms.

The isolation of music from its sister arts and from literature is, however, chiefly shown in the extreme rarity of allusion to it in any but the most general sense. Nothing is more common in our every day writing than illustrations drawn from the achieved results of other arts. Authors possessing no skill of their own, either in painting or music, speak familiarly of the former, yet utterly ignore the latter. The Bachism of Bach, though obvious enough to the musician, is not so available to our scribes as the "Corregioscity of Correggio." A description of nature brings up the name of a picture or a painter as if it were part of the scene, but we remember no similar case in which impressions of the *Pastoral Symphony* or of Haydn's *Seasons* are recalled.

Probably the reason why that art which most promptly, if not most powerfully, elicits the emotions of men, has left the scantiest impression of that effect on written records, may be found partly in the origin and partly in the nature of music. In a creative sense, it is the youngest of the arts. In the earlier ages of the restoration of learning, the arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture seemed to come up out of antiquity linked and grouped together, each pointing to its own material results. But music, which in ancient times was probably never anything more than a spontaneous recitative, was not one of the group, and had no works to show. As the awaking thought of men naturally concerned itself much with the *media* through which it had derived its impulse from the past, the arts of form and colour entered from the first into the tide of common intellectual interest. Music, however, which so far as it had been really developed, seemed to have lapsed into the silence of oblivion, was only written about by those who were slowly creating it anew. But music is itself too subtle an essence

to admit readily of verbal analysis. Articulating no definite thought to the mind, the mind in its turn can give it no articulate echo. The structural features of a composition may indeed be discussed, and they afford delightful exercise for the faculties which recognise proportion, sequence, symmetry; but all this is professional, not popular, while that which is popular and not professional, is exactly that which cannot be translated into words. Language is eminently pictorial. The pen of Ruskin steals all the tints of Turner's pencil, and our poets can transcribe with all the fidelity of a sun-picture that more ethereal beauty which sometimes glows in the human face; but we never yet met with the man, even amongst the most susceptible and eloquent, who could convey the feeling raised in him by an *adagio* of Beethoven otherwise than by ejaculations of a monotonous ecstasy, or by a far more expressive silence.

These reasons, however, do not dispel our surprise that at least the *biography* of composers should be so scanty, and the facts of their personal histories so rarely alluded to, as compared with those of the great masters in other arts. We should rather have supposed that the very mystery of that spiritual meaning which the composer elicits from sound and rhythm, that his function as the priest of an oracle which speaks in language native to the soul yet hidden from the intellect, would have created the keenest interest in all that related to his person, culture, habits, and external relations. The very secret of that hero-worship, which of late years has been exaggerated into a dogma, and which makes us track with such delight those "foot-prints on the sands of time" left by great men of the past, is the piquant conjunction, in one view, of that power of large ideal conception which separates genius from ordinary humanity, with those personal facts which again identify it with the mass of common life. Curiosity usually hovers about the point at which the sphere of a strong creative force touches that of a mere mortal existence, chequered with common joys and sorrows. And of all the powers wielded by human art, that by which the great master in music

"Takes the prisoned soul,
And laps it in Elysium,"

is surely that which might kindle in us the eagerness of Comus to learn something of the "mortal mixture of earth's mould" from which it emanates. The composing faculty besides, if of the highest order, must grow in the naturally rich soil, of which strong affections and a reverent will are always indigenous products. Music is itself, in spite of its many prostitutions to baser uses, the art most closely related to religion and "homefelt delights." Nor is its progressive history without that picturesque clustering and contrast of individualities along the path of a continuous development, which gives something of dramatic interest to all history truly so called. From the time when old Marbeck, by his solemn services, secretly consoled himself and his brethren, under persecution, to that in which an English diplomatic earl wields bow or baton to the sound of his own masses in the cathedral of Vienna—from Marenzio, fretted to death by the resentment of one Pope, to Rossini, swelling with his melody the premature enthusiasm of Italy for another—from Jusquin, slyly writing a vocal part consisting of one long note for a vain French Louis who had more ambition than ability to sing, down to Mendelssohn, regenerating Greek and French tragedy with his music at the bidding of a Prussian virtuoso, Frederick—music has had its share in the evolution of historical events, and musicians have been actors in many a scene of varied human interest. The lives of some of them, indeed, have been marked by interests as thrilling as those which make the lives of Italian poets rival their own romances. The escape of Stradella from assassins, whose fell purpose was melted from their hearts by the pathos of his music heard in St. John Lateran as they lay in wait for his exit, is such an incident. Handel himself narrowly evaded the deathblow aimed by a baffled rival in his art. Madame Dudevant has drawn a beautiful picture of the relations between Porpora and Joseph Haydn, and more recently, and with darker tints, of her own association with the wild and subtle Pole, Chopin, who held the whole world of romance in his two attenuated hands.

(To be continued.)

WORDY AND VERDI.—(From *Punch*).—A musical purist says, "We have already had Verdi's music without the words, but I think if we could now have a concert of Verdi's *words without the music*, that it would be much more popular, and infinitely more musical, of the two!" We all know the maw-worm-like love that Exeter Hall cherishes for unpopularity, or else that temple of hypocrisy would take a few concerted measures to carry out the above notion.

A LETTER FROM RICHARD WAGNER ON
FRANZ LISZT.

(Continued from page 300.)

The cause of this apprehension is to be found in the fact that we have heard musical compositions of musicians without a vocation for the art, or fantastical, and without precisely the higher kind of inspiration; these compositions departed in such a manner from the usual symphonic (dance) form, which the composers simply could not control as masters, that their intention was totally unintelligible, if the bizarre forms of the dance were not followed, step for step, by an explanatory programme. We felt that music was openly degraded by this, but only because, on the one hand, an unworthy idea was given it as a foundation, while, on the other, this idea was not even clearly expressed, a state of things mostly attributable to the fact that every thing intelligible was still derived only from the customary dance-form, capriciously and bunglingly applied and torn into pieces. But if we pass over without caring for these caricatures, of which we find examples in every art, and devote our attention to the endlessly developed and enriched power of expression, such as has been won for music by great geniuses down to our own times, we must direct our misgivings less to the capabilities of music (for unheard-of results have already been achieved in the older, restrictive form) than rather as to whether the artist possesses the necessary poetico-musical quality able so to view the poetical subject as to be useful to the musician in the configuration of his intelligible musical form. And herein consist truly the secret and the difficulty, the solution of which could be reserved only for some highly gifted and chosen person, who, at the same time that he is a thoroughly perfect musician, shall be a thoroughly contemplating poet. What I mean is difficult to be clearly explained, and I leave to our great aestheticians, who are increasing in number every day, to work out dialectically the notion; but this much I know: every person gifted in head and heart will understand me when he hears Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, his *Faust* and his *Dante*, for it was these which first gave me myself a clear idea of the problem under consideration.

I forgive everyone who has hitherto doubted the success of a new artistic form of instrumental music, for I must confess that I completely shared the doubt, so that I was associated with those who saw in our programme-music a highly unedifying fact, while I was in the ludicrous position of being myself reckoned one of the programme-musicians, and being tarred with the same brush. In the case of the best compositions of this kind, which were often even full of genius, it always happened that, while listening to them, I so completely lost the musical thread, that by no amount of exertion could I retain, or again resume it. This happened to me, only a short time ago, in the love scene, so wonderfully touching in its principal motives, of our friend Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* symphony; the state of very great transport into which the development of the principal motive had thrown me was, in the course of the entire movement, dissipated and changed into undeniable dissatisfaction; I instantly felt that while the musical thread had been lost (that is to say the consistent and distinguishable change of definite motives), I had to rely on scenic motives, which were not present to me, or marked down in the programme. These motives existed indisputably in Shakspeare's celebrated balcony scene, but the great fault of the composer was that they were preserved by him in conformity with the arrangements of the dramatist. Directly he determined on using this scene as the motive of a symphonic poem (*Symphonische Dichtung*) he ought to have felt that the dramatist and the musician must have resource to completely different means to express pretty nearly the same idea. The dramatist stands much nearer to common life, and becomes intelligible only when he presents his idea to us in an action which, in its variously combined points, so resembles an event of that life that each spectator thinks he himself participates in it. The musician, on the contrary, turns completely away from the event of common life, abrogates entirely its casualties and details, subliming, on the other hand, everything that is contained in it, according to its concrete purport of feeling, which singly determined can be given in music alone. A real musical poet would therefore have

presented this scene in a complete concrete and ideal form, and it is very certain that if a Shakspeare had wished to give the scene to a Berlioz for musical reproduction, he would have made it just as different as Berlioz's musical composition should now be in order to be of itself intelligible. We have now, by the way, been speaking of one of the most happy inspirations of the genial composer, and my judgment concerning less happy ones would, as a matter of course, easily prejudice me against this tendency, had there not appeared in it, on the other hand, things so perfect as the narrower pictures of the "Scène aux Champs," the "Marche des Pèlerins," etc., which, to our astonishment, prove what may be done by this method.

The reason why I adduced the example of the above love-scene was to render evident to you how endlessly difficult the solution of the problem under consideration must be, and that we have in truth to do with a secret, which might be compared to the handle, invisible to us, of the sword-blade previously imagined by me, and which, from the working of the sword, I suppose, with perfect certainty, in Liszt's hand, and, moreover, so peculiar and fitted so especially to it as to be completely concealed from our view. This secret, however, is also the essence of individuality and the views peculiar to it, which would for ever remain a secret to us, were they not manifested in the artistic works of the genial individual. We, however, can determine only by such a work of art and its impression on ourselves, which, after all, is again an individual one; the amount of rules of art, universally valid, to be extracted from it, is on the whole extremely trifling, and those who would make a good deal of them have, properly speaking, understood nothing of the principal point. So much, however, is certain: Liszt's mode of viewing a poetical object must be fundamentally different from that of Berlioz, and, moreover, it must be of the same kind as that which, when mentioning the Romeo scene, I attributed to the poet, immediately he wished to hand over his subject to be carried out by the musician.

You see that I have now come so near the pith of the matter, that I cannot, reasonably, say much more; the question is, at present, what one individuality communicates, as a secret to another, and whoever could speak at great length on this cannot have himself absorbed much; just as it is certain that a person can only babble out secrets not understood. If, therefore, I am silent with regard to what Liszt has communicated through the medium of his *Symphonic Poems*, I will merely make a few observations to you concerning the formal essence of these communications. In reference to these, I was, above all things, astonished by the great and speaking definiteness with which the subject was manifested to me; this, naturally, was no longer the subject as indicated by the poet by means of words, but the completely different one, unattainable by any description, of which, with its unapproachably vaporous quality, we can hardly conceive how it can be again represented thus simply, clear, defined, close, and unmistakeable. This genial certainty of musical conception is declared in the case of Liszt immediately at the commencement of the composition with such pregnant force that, after the first sixteen bars, I was frequently obliged to exclaim, "Enough! I have it all!" This quality strikes me as so prominent a trait of Liszt's works, that, in spite of all the repugnance which, in this particular, is opposed to the recognition of Liszt in a certain quarter, I am not in the least apprehensive of his not becoming quickly and intimately known by the public, properly speaking. The difficulties which, on account of the far more complicated means of expression, stand in the way of the dramatic composer, are present only to a less extent in pure orchestral works. Our orchestras are mostly good, and where Liszt himself, or his confidential disciples, can conduct the performances, the same success will never be wanting, which Liszt found, for instance, among our true-hearted St. Gallians, who so touchingly expressed their astonishment that compositions which had been described to them as so confused and formless, had struck them as so speedily comprehensible and intelligible. You know that this confirmed my good opinion of the public, from whom we certainly can require nothing else than a sudden elevation out of its accustomed mode of viewing matters, which elevation cannot be lasting and re-

troactive on common life, precisely because, in truth, it is a very violent one. At any rate, the perception of such an elevation is the artist's only reward from without; and, in all cases, let him avoid wishing to collect it afterwards separately from each single person, who, when calmed down, might easily meet him with criticism. Thus, for instance, it may occur, even to many a musician who was transported by the performance, to take offence the following day at this or that "peculiarity," "ruggedness," or "hardness;" while the uncommon and unusual harmonic progressions especially may inspire many with scruples. We might, however, well enquire how it came to pass that such persons found no occasion to take offence during the performance itself, but merely received the new, unusual and transporting impression which, probably, without the aid of the "peculiarities," etc., in question, could not possibly have been produced? In fact, however, it is the especial attribute of every new phenomenon, unusually determining us, that it has about it something strange, which awakes distrust in us, and this depends again, no doubt, on the secret of individuality. In that which we are, every thing is certainly similar, and the kind is, perhaps, all that is true; but in the mode in which we look at things, we are so dissimilar that, strictly speaking, we must always remain strangers to each other.

(To be continued.)

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